

The Haunting of Thomas Brewster, by Jonathan Morris

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Apr 2008

[Part One]

THOMAS: The first thing I remember is my mother's funeral. I would have been about four or five. It's kind of hard to judge when you ain't had no birthdays. But there I was, in this parlour with all these aunts and uncles and ... God knows what else. I can still see the room clear like it was yesterday. The wallpaper had this pattern of roses, and there were these heavy curtains. Spent half the day hiding in them, not wanting to be seen. And in the middle of it all was my dearly departed mother, laid out in a box.

MEG: What's the matter, boy? Cat got your tongue?

LILLIAN: He just stands there. Been like that all afternoon.

MEG: Do you think he knows what's happened?

LILLIAN: Hard to tell.

MEG: If it weren't for him, his mother would...

LILLIAN: Don't say it.

MEG: Make no bones about it, Lil. If it weren't for him, his blessed mother would still be here today.

LILLIAN: Not in front of the boy, Meg.

MEG: Shame of having him. That's why she did for herself, in the end. And now she's gone and left us. Well, who's to do for him, eh? Answer me that.

TOBY: (drunk) What's that?

MEG: We're just saying. What's to be done with the boy?

TOBY: Let me have a word. Hello. You bearing up, soldier? What's your name, eh? Uh. Don't speak much, do he? Just sort of looks at you.

MEG: He can't stay with us. We haven't the capacity.

LILLIAN: Well, you know I don't have the health left in me to bring up a child, what with my nerves and boys being so noisy and boisterous.

TOBY: Not this one. I've never seen a less boisterous specimen.

LILLIAN: Boys grow. They grow boisterous.

MEG: And we haven't the capacity.

NYSSA: I think that's him.

DOCTOR: We're too early. What year is this?

NYSSA: 1851.

MEG: Why, he hasn't shed a single tear, that one. It's not natural.

TOBY: Only one thing to be done.

LILLIAN: Oh no, leave the boy alone.

TOBY: Got to learn she isn't coming back. Harsh reality's the only way. What's the boy's name?

MEG: Thomas. Huh. She called him Thomas.

TOBY: Thomas? Here, hup! Now, look. That's your mother there, boy. You see her? You understand? She's dead. Dead and gone.

THOMAS: That's the only memory of my mother. Laid out in a box, all in black. She had a veil over her face, like the fine ladies wear. And then the man lifted it.

TOBY: That's what five days in the water does to you, boy.

MEG: Five days?

LILLIAN: Five days till they fished her out.

MEG: Oh, they've done a lovely job then, considering.

LILLIAN: Considering what they had to work with.

THOMAS: Her face was whiter than anything I'd seen. Whiter than china. Whiter than the fresh fallen snow. Her lips were pale blue. And there were these rough holes on her skin where the fish and the eels had taken a bite.

(Crying.)

TOBY: That's it. The boy's crying now.

VICAR: I am the Resurrection and the Life, sayeth the Lord...

THOMAS: (narrating) I must have known my mother before, but when I try to remember her face I only see her as she was then.

VICAR: The Lord is my shepherd...

MEG: Selfishness, pure and simple.

LILLIAN: To do away with herself, and with a child to care for. Never did have any sense of responsibility.

MEG: Never a thought for those of us who have to pick up the pieces...

VICAR: Righteousness for his name's sake. We therefore commit her body to the ground.

THOMAS: (narrating) There was one other thing that day.

VICAR: Ashes to ashes...

THOMAS: (narrating) As we were walking away from the grave, I had this feeling, all nervous, like. And I looked, and in the distance, by the trees, there was this blue hut, with windows.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

THOMAS: (narrating:) And a flashing lamp. And then it wasn't there no more.

MEG: Well, if you can't do for him, it'll have to be left to the parish.

LILLIAN: You mean... the workhouse?

MEG: No more than he deserves. Miserable creature. Huh. I blame his mother...

THOMAS: So that was me. In the spike. Dossing with twenty other orphans. Paupers and queer-lallies. Years passed, every day the same. Prayers, a bowl of skillie, fagging in the laundry, and lessons from Mister Shanks, the Master of the house.

SHANKS: Ye have heard that it was said of them of old time, thou shalt not kill. And whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the Judgement. Brewster?

(Thwack of cane.)

THOMAS: Yes, sir?

SHANKS: What was I saying? Repeat.

THOMAS: Not to kill, sir.

SHANKS: And?

THOMAS: And... that those who do kill will be up before a judge.

(Laughter. Thwack of cane.)

SHANKS: Whoever shall kill shall be in danger of the Judgement. The Judgement. Hands.

(Thwack.)

THOMAS: The days were hard, but the nights were worse. Shivering for warmth under a woollen blanket. The inmates in the ward below, hell-bent on sharing their night terrors with anyone who cared to listen. Then one night, one icy, black night, after I'd been there five years or so, that's when it happened.

MOTHER: ♪ Oranges and Lemons say the Bells of Saint Clement's. You owe me five farthings say the Bells of Saint Martin's. ♪ Tom! Tom! Save me! No! (scream, splash.)

THOMAS: It was her. I knew it. My mother's voice. I know I've never heard it, so how could I be sure? But in dreams you *can* be sure. I knew it was her. The only thing I wasn't sure about was that it was a dream.

(Church bells chiming Oranges And Lemons.)

SHANKS: Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which ... Brewster?

(Thwack.)

THOMAS: Yes, sir?

SHANKS: Might I enquire as to the source of your fascination?

THOMAS: Sir?

SHANKS: What is it outside that diverts you from my lesson?

THOMAS: Nothing, sir.

SHANKS: I'll teach you nothing, boy.

(Three thwacks.)

THOMAS: By now it was winter. I remember looking down into the courtyard and seeing it all thick with snow. But what caught my eye was the blue hut in the corner. The same blue hut I'd seen at the graveyard. And then later that day, Mister Shanks had two unexpected visitors, and I was listening at the door.

SHANKS: You wish to speak to me about a boy?

DOCTOR: Thomas Brewster, yes.

NYSSA: We would rather speak to Thomas himself.

SHANKS: Oh, it's impossible. Inconceivable. The boy had been entrusted to my custody.

NYSSA: If you're worried about him telling us about what occurs in this establishment, that's not our concern.

SHANKS: Then what, dear girl, is your concern?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid we don't have a great deal of time.

SHANKS: Then I advise you to be brief.

DOCTOR: The boy, has he mentioned any bad dreams at all?

SHANKS: Bad dreams?

NYSSA: Supernatural nocturnal visitations.

DOCTOR: Ghosts, voices, hallucinations?

SHANKS: I see. You intend to waste my time with trifles and absurdities. Mister Sloop will escort you from the premises. Good day!

THOMAS: Didn't mean much to me, not at the time. Another year passed, and another. And every few months, I would have the dream again, if it was a dream.

MOTHER: ♪ Oranges and lemons...

THOMAS: Each time I sat up in bed, alone, in the darkness, listening.

MOTHER: ♪ You owe me five farthings...

THOMAS: Each time her voice getting a little bit nearer, each time getting a little bit further into the song.

MOTHER: ♪ the Bells of Shoreditch.

THOMAS: And then I wasn't alone. There, the foot of my bed, someone was standing, watching me. At first I, I couldn't make out much more than a shape. But as I looked I could see the dress, and the bonnet, and the veil that covered her face. I could almost reach out.

MOTHER: Tom! Tom! Save me! No! (scream.)

SHANKS: Brewster. You know why I've summoned you here?

THOMAS: No, sir.

SHANKS: You have been with us now, boy, for ten years. It is time for you to go forward into the world.

THOMAS: Sir.

SHANKS: This gentleman, Mister Creek, has generously consented to offer you an apprenticeship as a riverman. What do you say to that, eh, boy?

THOMAS: Thank you, sir.

CREEK: So, this is the article, is it?

SHANKS: A most healthy specimen, fed by the parish, brought up by my own hand.

CREEK: Well, it looks more like I'm paying you for skin and bones, Mister Shanks. I can spit on him and he'd fall over.

SHANKS: You'll put some meat on those bones, I'm sure.

CREEK: Oh, more expense. You should be paying me. These workhouse chavvies cost more than they're worth. Indolent, filching, epizootic sponges.

SHANKS: Not this one, I assure you. He is diligent, docile...

CREEK: Oh, spare me the sermon, Shanks. You want him off your hands. I'm doing you a service, that's what I am.

JUDY: Here, are you all right, Mister Creek? Fancy a pennyworth?

CREEK: Not a pennyworth of glue. No ta, Judy.

JUDY: Oh, I couldn't give you anything you ain't got already.

CREEK: Here. Jacob's Island. Here, watch your footing. The mud here is quick. You fall in that, you won't never get out again.

THOMAS: (narrating) The gangplank was suspended over a ditch of slime and mud, floating with peelings and weeds, and rotting chunks of meat.

CREEK: I wouldn't breathe too hard if I were you. Place has character.

CREEK: Hey, your lodgings are below. The other boys'll cut your putty and soap.

THOMAS: Other boys?

CREEK: Ah, you're part of our little gang now.

THOMAS: What is it I have to do, sir?

CREEK: You'll find out soon enough. Now, hook it. I've work to do. Time and tide, time and tide.

THOMAS: Hello?

PICKENS: Well, well, well. If it ain't our new recruit. Master Pickens, at your service.

THOMAS: Pickens?

PICKENS: The very same. What's your moniker?

THOMAS: My what?

PICKENS: Your name, kid.

THOMAS: Brewster.

PICKENS: There's your livage, Brewster. Still warm from the last lodger. Oi, don't mind the rats. They get too close, shove a candle at 'em, make 'em squeak.

THOMAS: Mister Creek said you'd cut me, er... putty and soap?

PICKENS: Cheese and bread. Help yourself. There's pie and beer for afters.

THOMAS: Oh, thank you, sir. Mmm. (mouth full) So, what do we do as rivermen?

PICKENS: Rivermen? We ain't rivermen. We're mudlarks. We do scavenging and that.

THOMAS: Scavenging?

PICKENS: Low tide, out we all toddle onto the banks of the Thames, and what's been washed up, we take.

THOMAS: What sort of stuff?

PICKENS: All sorts. Driftwood, flotsam, stuff what's fallen off the back of trade ships. You'd be amazed at what goes overboard when the Revenue man comes a-calling. Barrels of brandy, tea chests, silk, lace, tobacco. What's the Queen's pipe don't get goes to Mister Creek.

THOMAS: Isn't that stealing?

PICKENS: That's a matter of some debate, on the accounts of the fact that the stuff what we find don't belong to anyone. Not that they'd admit to it anyway. On the other hand, Mister Creek wouldn't want it put to the test in front of a Beak, which is why we work nights. So go quietly about it too. If anyone comes asking, Mister Creek is a riverman, and that's all he does.

THOMAS: What's he like, Mister Creek?

PICKENS: Hey, don't drink so fast. That's strong stuff. Creek? Stay on his right side, and he'll treat you fine. Answer him back, and he'll slate you till you don't know your own name.

THOMAS: Right.

PICKENS: That's what happened to the kid before you. That's why there was a vacancy in this 'ere establishment.

(A bell rings.)

THOMAS: What's that?

PICKENS: Midnight. Time to work.

CREEK: Time and tide, boys. Time and tide.

THOMAS: And so we started work. Clambering down the oily steps to the Thames, each of us clutching a lamp. Small points of light in the thick, swirling fog.

PICKENS: Oi, Brewster. Keep your lamp low.

THOMAS: What?

PICKENS: Hold it down to the ground, or a Watchman'll see us, you flat.

THOMAS: Sorry. What are we looking for?

PICKENS: Anything solid. And watch out for the bodies.

THOMAS: Bodies?

PICKENS: All the folks that jump or fall off the bridges get washed up 'ere. It's famous for it, this stretch. If you find one, check the pockets...

MOTHER: ♪ (faint) Oranges and lemons say the bells of Saint Clement's...

THOMAS: (narrating) I couldn't hear Pickens any more. Or the other boys. But there, a dozen or so yards further back up the bank, was the shape I knew so well. A woman, all in black.

MOTHER: ♪ the Bells of Old Bailey. When will that be, say the Bells of Stepney. I do not know, say the Great Bells of Bow. ♪ Tom! Tom! Save me! No! (scream, splash)

(Lamp breaking.)

PICKENS: Brewster. You dropped your lamp. Creek'll slate you for sure.

THOMAS: Did you see her?

PICKENS: See who?

THOMAS: Over there. A woman, watching us.

PICKENS: No one there. Come on. The boys have got something.

THOMAS: And there it was. Half-buried in the silt and the slime. The blue box, the same one. And it gave me the same feeling. A trembling, deep in my stomach.

CREEK: Ah. Well done, boys. I'm impressed.

PICKENS: Took us half the night to get it 'ere. It's heavy. We had to...

CREEK: I'm not interested in how you got it 'ere. Heavy? So it's full of something. You tried opening it?

PICKENS: Had a go, Mister Creek, but the lock ain't normal. The tumblers aren't like nothing I've seen before.

CREEK: I thought you were a master of the black hacks.

PICKENS: If I can't do it, no one could charm this Betty.

CREEK: We'll just have to take a wrench to it. Prise it open like an oyster.

PICKENS: We tried that too, sir. Couldn't make a mark on it.

CREEK: Oh, it don't look that strong. Ew, this is old mud on it, Been in the river for years this has. Here, what's it say here? Police Box?

PICKENS: You don't think there's a couple of Bluebottles inside, do ya?

CREEK: No, but there's something in there. Something rum. And I want it. What else you got for me? What

about the new boy?

PICKENS: I don't think he's fit. He had this turn, lost his lamp.

THOMAS: Sir, it wasn't my fault.

CREEK: Give me my stick, boy! My stick!

THOMAS: Yes, sir.

CREEK: What am I to do with you, Brewster?

THOMAS: He set me to work scrubbing the goods that came in, every day finding some reason to fetch me with his stick. That was my life for months, stuck in his shop, never seeing daylight. Then one night, it all changed.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Hello? Anyone home?

CREEK: Who, who's there? What do you want?

DOCTOR: Mister Creek, I take it.

CREEK: Who's asking? Is ...? The - the Revenue? I'm only a humble riverman, ever so humble.

NYSSA: No, we've come to see a young man.

CREEK: What's that?

DOCTOR: Name of Thomas Brewster.

CREEK: I don't know him. Bye, bye, call again.

DOCTOR: You don't understand. It's vitally important we get to him tonight.

NYSSA: We know he worked... works here.

CREEK: Er, Brewster? Now, let me think. Er... Oh, there... there was a kinchin. While ago, mind you. Tipped his rags, he did. Piped off.

DOCTOR: He's left?

CREEK: Yeah, and done me out of pocket.

DOCTOR: If you do see him again, I'm prepared to compensate you for your loss. Say, twenty pounds?

CREEK: What do you want him for? In trouble, is he?

DOCTOR: It's more, he'll be in trouble if we don't find him.

CREEK: I'll set my best lads onto it, sir. Bye, bye.

(Door closes.)

CREEK: You been earwigging, boy?

THOMAS: No, sir.

CREEK: What you done? What they want you for?

THOMAS: I don't know.

CREEK: You been filching? Hmm? I knew it.

THOMAS: No, I never did nothing.

CREEK: You belong to some other master, eh, eh? Hopped the twig?

THOMAS: No, Mister Creek.

CREEK: Well, whatever they want, they're prepared to pay. I wonder what you'd make on the open market?

THOMAS: Sorry?

CREEK: Boy for sale.

THOMAS: No, I'm not going with ya.

CREEK: What?

THOMAS: I said I'm not going...

CREEK: You'll do as you're told, boy.

CREEK: You want to know what happened to, to the kid before you? Fell in, he did. Drowned in this ditch here. So you'll come with me if you know what's good for you.

THOMAS: No. I'm not going with you nowhere.

CREEK: Ah, you little prig!

THOMAS: Mister Creek swung at me with his stick. He slipped. (splash)

CREEK: Ah! You son of a frole. Get me out! Get me out!

THOMAS: I didn't move. I just watched as Mister Creek struggled in the filth, watching it sucking him down and down.

CREEK: My stick, boy. Give me my stick!

THOMAS: I held his stick out to him, for him to grab and pull himself free. But he couldn't reach.

CREEK: Brewster. Help me. Help! You whelp! You...

THOMAS: And that was the end of Mister Creek.

PICKENS: Brewster.

THOMAS: I'm going. I'm leaving.

PICKENS: What about Mister Creek?

THOMAS: Mister Creek ain't around no more.

PICKENS: What?

THOMAS: He had... he had an accident.

PICKENS: You're really going?

THOMAS: Yeah.

PICKENS: Then I'm coming with ya.

PICKENS: Where are we going?

THOMAS: I don't know.

PICKENS: You don't know?

THOMAS: Away. Across the river, Limehouse, Wapping, anywhere. We'll take Creek's boat, he won't need it.

THOMAS: We ran to the wharf where the boat was moored, untied it, began to row for our lives. And as we slipped away, three figures appeared on the jetty.

MAN: (distant) Oi, stop!

NYSSA: (distant) There he is. Doctor.

DOCTOR: (distant) Thomas. Come back. You don't realise the danger you're in.

THOMAS: Then they were gone, lost in the fog. I'd never seen a mist like it. A heavy, rolling pea soup, but black as smoke, twisting like it was alive, swallowing us up.

THOMAS: Keep rowing. Keep rowing.

PICKENS: If we hit a boat... We, we can't see where we're heading.

THOMAS: We have to keep moving.

THOMAS: Deeper and deeper into the circling, eddying fog, cold as ice, soaking our fingers and our cheeks.

PICKENS: I can't. We have to stop.

THOMAS: I don't know what it was, but something was telling me to keep going, no matter what. And then it happened.

MOTHER: ♪ Oranges and lemons say the bells of Saint Clemens...

THOMAS: She was gliding towards us, out of the mist, floating, her feet not touching the water.

MOTHER: ♪ You owe me five farthings say the Bells of Saint Martin's.

PICKENS: Brewster, what is it?

THOMAS: Can't you see her? She's here.

MOTHER: ♪ When will that be, say the Bells of Stepney. I do not know, say the Great Bells of Bow. (speaking) Here comes a candle to light you to bed. Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

THOMAS: And with that, she drew back her veil, so I could see her face.

MOTHER: It's all right. Mother's here. I'll look after you. I'll tell you what to do.

THOMAS: (She had been in the water five days when they found her.

[Part Two]

NYSSA: Which way now?

DOCTOR: Down here, I think. Er ... yes. Down.

NYSSA: Admit it, Doctor. We're lost.

DOCTOR: Impossible. I know the Tardis like the back of my... Oh. Hello. Haven't seen that before. Er, Nyssa, torch. Thank you.

NYSSA: What is it?

DOCTOR: The Tardis's conceptual geometer. Always wondered where that was. Now I know. Or at least I would...

NYSSA: If we weren't lost.

DOCTOR: Well, yes. The ancillary power station can't be far, though.
NYSSA: It would help if we could see where we were going.
DOCTOR: That's the problem with power cuts, they always happen when the lights go out.
NYSSA: Doctor, you're mocking me.
DOCTOR: Maybe a little. I think this is it.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: No. Wine cellar.
NYSSA: The Tardis has a wine cellar?
DOCTOR: Apparently. 1784 Madeira. Property of Benjamin Franklin. Ah well, he won't miss it.
NYSSA: Doctor, what do you think caused the power cut?
DOCTOR: What? Er, not sure. With the Tardis it might be any number of things.
NYSSA: So the cause is internal?
DOCTOR: I don't know, Nyssa. It could be due to an outside influence, but until we've ruled out the possibility that the Tardis has broken down of its own accord there's no way of knowing.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Hah.
NYSSA: The auxiliary power station?
DOCTOR: Yes. Pass me the torch. Now, that's very interesting. The Vortex shields relay has fused and there's a leak in the fluid links...
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes?
NYSSA: Did you hear that?
DOCTOR: Hear what?
NYSSA: There was a woman, singing. It was like a nursery rhyme. Very faint.
DOCTOR: (sighs) Let me know if you hear it again.
NYSSA: You don't believe me.
DOCTOR: Of course I believe you, but until we get the power back on there's not a great deal I can do about it.
NYSSA: I'd feel safer if we were in the console room.
DOCTOR: Unfortunately until I've restored the power we can't materialise. The Tardis is stuck in the Vortex.
MOTHER: ♪ When will that be, say the Bells of Stepney. I do not know, say the Great Bells of Bow.
(Crack! Wind.)
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can hear it too.
NYSSA: What's happening? What is it?
DOCTOR: A time breach. Something has broken into the Tardis. It's in here with us, Nyssa. Stay where you are.
NYSSA: I can see her. She's walking towards me.
DOCTOR: Who? Describe her.
NYSSA: A woman, dressed in black. I can't see her face.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, keep back. Whatever you do, don't come into physical contact.
MOTHER: Here comes a candle to light you to bed.
NYSSA: She's reaching out her hand.
MOTHER: Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.
NYSSA: Doctor...!

NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor?
HARTWRIGHT: Careful, love. Watch your step.
NYSSA: Oh, thank, thank you, Mister...?
HARTWRIGHT: Hartwright.
NYSSA: Thank you, Mister Hartwright. Excuse me, where am I?
HARTWRIGHT: Bit out your way, aren't you, Miss? This is Seven Dials.
NYSSA: Seven Dials?
HARTWRIGHT: If you're heading down to St Martin's I'd look sharp about it. This fog can be murder for a young girl.
PICKENS: Look at her. Gone astray, have you, your Highness? Let's buzz her.
THOMAS: Nah.
PICKENS: Come on. She looks good for a billy.
THOMAS: No. We get what we came for, right, and nothing else. That's the rule.
NYSSA: London?
HARTWRIGHT: Bust me, you are lost if you don't know you're in London.
THOMAS: There it is. That pawnbroker's.
PICKENS: What?

THOMAS: In the window, you see it? That's the apparatus. Barometer.
NYSSA: The year is 1867?
HARTWRIGHT: November 14th, about half past five o'clock by the bells.
NYSSA: And this place is Seven Dials?
HARTWRIGHT: Yeah. A word of warning. This ain't no place for a lady like yourself.
(Glass breaking, running.)
SHOP OWNER: Oi! Stop, thief!
HARTWRIGHT: Oi! Stop thief!
THOMAS: Get out of my way.
NYSSA: What the...?
HARTWRIGHT: Oh, let me help you up, Miss. (sighs) They'll never catch 'em. In this smoke they could be stood right next to you and you wouldn't know about it.
MCINTOSH: Excuse me. Miss Nyssa?
NYSSA: I'm sorry?
MCINTOSH: Your name is Nyssa, I am correct?
NYSSA: Yes, but how do you...?
MCINTOSH: My name is Robert McIntosh. I have been sent to collect you. I trust you've come to no harm?
HARTWRIGHT: No harm? What are you insinuating?
NYSSA: Don't worry, Mister Hartwright has been most gallant. You have been sent to collect me?
MCINTOSH: Your arrival was anticipated. We have a mutual friend. If you will permit me to escort you, he is most eager to renew your acquaintance.

SHOP OWNER: (distant) Oi, stop thief! Oi, stop thief!
THOMAS: You got it, the piece?
PICKENS: Yeah. Not bad. What is it? Brass? Could get a penny or two for this.
THOMAS: It ain't for sale.
PICKENS: Then why did we filch it?
THOMAS: All in good time. We've got a few more items to blag before we're done.

DOCTOR: Using a variation of Wheatstone's rotating mirror, he has calculated the speed of light to be 298 kilometres per second. I hereby unreservedly commend this paper by Leon Foucault to the members of the Royal Society.
(Applause.)
MCINTOSH: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Robert. You missed a rather good lecture, if I do say so myself. It's amazing what can be accomplished with even the most basic ... Nyssa.
MCINTOSH: Miss Nyssa, I believe you know Doctor Walters.
DOCTOR: You're all right.
NYSSA: I'm fine, if a little confused.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Robert, you couldn't grab my hat and coat for me, could you? I think they're in the Lecture Hall.
MCINTOSH: Certainly, Doctor.
NYSSA: Doctor, what happened to you?
DOCTOR: It's a long story.
NYSSA: I can see that, Doctor... Walters?
DOCTOR: Ah. Yes, a small but necessary deception to enable me to make my way in this civilisation.
NYSSA: And the facial hair?
DOCTOR: It's all the rage, so I'm told. I think it makes me look rather distinguished. And I found without it people tended not to take me seriously. Can you believe, they thought I was too young.
NYSSA: I like it. No, honestly.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, you're mocking me.
NYSSA: Maybe a little.
MCINTOSH: Here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, thank you, Robert.
MCINTOSH: You and this lady have become reacquainted?
DOCTOR: Sorry, yes. Nyssa, permit me to introduce Robert McIntosh, my new assistant.

THOMAS: Yeah, here we are. 107 Baker Street.
PICKENS: How do you know it'll be here?
THOMAS: Call it a knack.
(A carriage arrives.)
PICKENS: Looks like the Lord of the Manor's home.
THOMAS: Not a problem, we'll bide our time.

NYSSA: Doctor, you have a house.
DOCTOR: Well, where did you think I'd live?
NYSSA: I hadn't given it much thought. I'm still a little disorientated.
DOCTOR: Yes, I owe you an explanation, but first a cup of tea, I think. Or possibly something stronger.

NYSSA: (distant) Something stronger?
DOCTOR: (distant) Like ... a very strong cup of tea.
(Door closes.)
PICKENS: It's her. The same twist. The one who was at Seven Dials.
THOMAS: I didn't know she'd be here.
PICKENS: Yeah. Right. No way. You got a fancy for her, that it?
THOMAS: No, but there's summin' about her, right? A feeling like I've seen her before. Except I haven't.
PICKENS: Yeah. Except in your dreams.
THOMAS: Oh, shut up.

DOCTOR: Robert, I hope you don't mind but my friend and I have matters to discuss of some delicacy. If you could attend to the tea?
MCINTOSH: Of course. If you will excuse me.
(Door closes.)
NYSSA: Your new assistant?
DOCTOR: Cum protégé. It would be odd to be a pillar of the scientific community and not have one.
NYSSA: It seems a little odd to find you a pillar of the scientific community.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, how long do you think it's been since you left the Tardis?
NYSSA: Oh, I don't know. Two or three hours?
DOCTOR: After the time breach I managed to restore enough power for an emergency materialisation. The Tardis brought me here to London twelve months ago.
NYSSA: You've been here for a whole year, living the life of an English gentleman?
DOCTOR: By virtue of necessity. I had to be a member of the Royal Society in order to have access to certain... materials I needed to repair the Tardis.
NYSSA: Yes, where is the Tardis, by the way?
DOCTOR: Follow me.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: There she is, safe and sound.
NYSSA: This is your study?
DOCTOR: Yes. Sorry about the mess, you know what it's like. Genius at work.
NYSSA: Doesn't your assistant find it a bit strange that you have a Police Box in the corner of your study?
DOCTOR: Do you know, he's never brought it up? I think he's being discreet.

PICKENS : So, what are we nabbing this time?
THOMAS: I don't know.
MOTHER [OC]: Brewster dear?
THOMAS [OC]: Yes, Mother?
MOTHER [OC]: This is the item you need to recover. An electromagnetic field generator. You see it?
THOMAS [OC]: I see it.
PICKENS: Are you all right? (laughs) Seen a ghost?
THOMAS: What we have to get... what we have to get is a device called...

NYSSA: An electromagnetic field generator?
DOCTOR: Only one like it in England. I have it on loan from a friend of mine, James Maxwell. Well, I'm more sort of borrowing it, unofficially.
NYSSA: You stole it?
DOCTOR: Temporarily. You see, if you make certain adjustments, it becomes a surprisingly good field interface stabiliser. The one in the Tardis has seen better days, to be honest.
NYSSA: Isn't that beyond the scope of this civilisation? You haven't been giving them scientific knowledge?
DOCTOR: No, I've been very careful to only tell them things they already know. I think that's why they like me.
NYSSA: So you've spent the last year living here, waiting for me?
DOCTOR: Amongst other gentlemanly pursuits. That instrument there is one I'm particularly proud of. Using only contemporary technology, it detects disturbances in the space-time continuum.
NYSSA: You've constructed a Vortex Interferometer. Which is how you knew where and when I'd arrive.
DOCTOR: Yes. Sorry I couldn't come and meet you myself, but...
(Knock on door.)
DOCTOR: Ah, Robert. Come in. Do join us.

MCINTOSH: So, has Doctor Walters been telling you about our little mystery?

NYSSA: No. Mystery?

MCINTOSH: Bayswater housebreaker strikes again. Series of inexplicable thefts leaves Scotland Yard baffled. Various items of scientific paraphernalia have been going missing over the past two years.

NYSSA: Doctor...?

DOCTOR: What? Nyssa, I'm surprised at you. Nothing to do with me, no. Though admittedly, has proved a little inconvenient.

NYSSA: What sort of scientific paraphernalia has been taken?

MCINTOSH: Metallic minerals, achromatic lenses, parabolic mirrors, electric batteries, telegraph wires. The peculiar thing is, often the perpetrators have left other more valuable articles behind.

NYSSA: As if they were stealing to order.

MCINTOSH: Yes. The real mystery, though, is what they intend to do with it all.

THOMAS: Get moving, slowcoach.

PICKENS: What's the hurry? We've got all night.

THOMAS: Just open the window. You can do that, can't ya?

(Opens window.)

PICKENS: There's not a jump or a jigger in the whole of London I can't trip.

THOMAS: There was one, I remember.

PICKENS: Shut it. Almost there.

MCINTOSH: This is a complete inventory, near enough, of all the purloined goods.

NYSSA: I can't see any obvious connection. And this is the most advanced technology of this (yawns) time period? Oh, I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: No, of course, you've had a long day. This can wait until morning.

MCINTOSH: If I could make a suggestion. Miss Nyssa could have my room. It would be... well, it would be an honour.

NYSSA: That's very kind of you, but I would prefer to sleep in the Tar...

DOCTOR: Er, what Miss Nyssa was about to say is that she wouldn't dream of putting you to such inconvenience.

NYSSA: Yes, I'll just sleep on the couch here.

MCINTOSH: If you're sure? Then I shall take my leave of you. Goodnight, Miss Nyssa. It's been a pleasure.

NYSSA: Goodnight, Mister McIntosh.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: I think he likes you. You're sure you'll be all right in there?

NYSSA: Doctor, I'll be fine, don't worry.

DOCTOR: The Tardis key. If you need anything I'll be downstairs in the kitchen deducing. I think this may be a three-cup-of-tea problem.

NYSSA: Goodnight.

(Door closes.)

NYSSA: Genius at work. How he ever finds anything...

(Window opens.)

NYSSA: What are you... Mmph!

PICKENS: Don't scream if you want to live.

THOMAS: Careful, Pickens. Don't cut her.

PICKENS: Have you found it? The electro...?

THOMAS: The electromagnetic field generator, yeah. I've got it.

PICKENS: What's the matter?

THOMAS: The Blue box. The one from Creek's shop. How'd it get 'ere?

PICKENS: I don't know. May... maybe there's two of them.

THOMAS: No, no, no. It's the same one.

PICKENS: Oi. Calm it, girl. If we've got what you come for, let's go.

MOTHER [OC]: Brewster, dear?

THOMAS [OC]: Mother?

MOTHER [OC]: Take the girl. She may be useful.

THOMAS: We're taking her with us.

PICKENS: What? Out the window?

THOMAS: No, you lob, out the front door.

THOMAS: What's keeping ya?

PICKENS: It's locked. You hold the girl a second. Won't be a tick.

NYSSA: Doctor! Help me!

(Door opens.)

THOMAS: Quick - run!

MCINTOSH: Doctor, did you hear...?

DOCTOR: Yes! That was Nyssa. The study, quick. She's gone. They must have taken her with them.

MCINTOSH: No one's outside. They definitely came in this way, though. The window's been forced.

DOCTOR: They've taken the electromagnetic field generator too.

MCINTOSH: You mean they're the thieves from the newspaper?

DOCTOR: Looks like it. Come on. They can't have got far.

MCINTOSH: We'll never find them. Can't see more than a couple of yards in this fog.

DOCTOR: Think. If you wanted to make a quick getaway where would you go?

MCINTOSH: I don't know, I'd go ... I'd go underground. This way.

TRAIN GUARD: This is the last train on the Metropolitan for tonight. Please board now and be mindful of the gap.

NYSSA: Where are you taking me?

PICKENS: Shut it. No questions. Just act normal and you won't get hurt.

THOMAS: Into the carriage, Miss. Don't worry, we're not going far.

(Door closes. Train whistle.)

MCINTOSH: Doctor, we're too late, the locomotive's pulling out.

DOCTOR: No we're not. We can make it.

TRAIN GUARD: Oi! No running on the platform!

DOCTOR: Come on, Robert, jump!

MCINTOSH: Oh my Lord! I'm not built for strenuous physical exertion!

DOCTOR: Ah! All right?

MCINTOSH: Oh, that was quite frankly terrifying. My stomach is not at its usual address. So what do we do next, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Search the carriages.

PICKENS: What's wrong with you?

NYSSA: (coughing) I can't breathe. The steam.

THOMAS: One of the delights of underground travel. Best if you hold your breath for the duration, I find.

PICKENS: Brewster, look. Those two coves, from the gentry ken we robbed.

THOMAS: They must have followed us. Quick, open the door.

(Door opens.)

THOMAS: This is where we get off. One, two, hup!

PICKENS: Right, now your turn, Miss.

NYSSA: I can't. The train's still moving.

PICKENS: Don't worry. Brewster'll catch ya. You'll land in his loving arms.

(Nyssa cries out.)

THOMAS: Flat, against the tunnel wall.

NYSSA: What?

THOMAS: Flat! Do you want to be killed?

(The train thunders past.)

NYSSA: Where are we?

PICKENS: Somewhere under Portland Road. Hold still. (lights a match) Let there be light.

THOMAS: When they dug out this section of the railway, this was all storage. Then, after they covered it over and cleared out, we moved in.

NYSSA: You mean this is your home?

PICKENS: Yeah, lady. This is where we live.

MCINTOSH: They're not here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No.

MCINTOSH: Maybe they didn't come this way. Maybe they doubled back.

DOCTOR: I felt certain. No, you're right.

MCINTOSH: So where to now?

DOCTOR: Off at the next stop then back to Baker Street.

MCINTOSH: And then? What about Miss Nyssa?

DOCTOR: We can only hope for the best. Unless...

MCINTOSH: Unless what?

DOCTOR: Follow me. We haven't a moment to lose.

NYSSA: How can you survive down here? No light, no ventilation.
PICKENS: Here? This is a palace compared to old Creek's place on Jacob's Island.
NYSSA: But why choose it for a hideout?
PICKENS: Brewster's idea. Most emphatic, he was. Isn't that right, Tommy boy?
MOTHER [OC]: Brewster dear, you must complete the construction.
PICKENS: Brewster. You hear what I said.
THOMAS: Huh? I've got ... I've got work to do.
NYSSA: Where's he going?
PICKENS: There's another room at the back. A veritable Aladdin's cave, it is.
NYSSA: That's where you keep everything you've stolen?
PICKENS: More his private place. He don't like anyone else going in there.
NYSSA: Just now he seemed to freeze, to go into a trance, as if he was listening to something.
PICKENS: Yeah. He gets these... turns from time to time. Used to be occasionally, but now it's every day.
NYSSA: Aren't you concerned?
PICKENS: What can I do? Besides, we've done all right. Kept out of trouble. We look out for each other. And... I like him. More than he likes me, if you know what I mean.
NYSSA: I think I do.

MOTHER [OC]: That's it. Attach the electromagnetic field generator.
THOMAS: Like this?
MOTHER [OC]: Yeah. It now acts as a field interface stabiliser. Now, use the mercury barometer for the fluid link.
THOMAS: Is that right?
MOTHER [OC]: Yes. Oh, you've done very well. Finally, it is complete.
THOMAS: And now, you can come back to me.
MOTHER [OC]: Yes, Brewster dear. I *will* come back to you. Engage the power.

NYSSA: What's happening?
PICKENS: I don't know. It sounds like...
NYSSA: Brewster's done something. Come on.
PICKENS: Hey, you can't go through there.

THOMAS: It's working. It's working.
PICKENS: What the...? What you done, Brewster?
NYSSA: I haven't seen anything like it.
PICKENS: It's like he's built a whole lighthouse down here. Ow! It's electric!
NYSSA: Brewster, you must stop it now. Disengage the power.
THOMAS: What?
NYSSA: The mirrors and the lenses will focus the static charge. You're tampering with forces you don't understand.

MCINTOSH: We should contact the constabulary, Doctor. There has, after all, been a break-in and possibly a kidnapping.
DOCTOR: Shh! Robert, what's that?
MCINTOSH: Seems to be coming from your study.
DOCTOR: Oh no.
MCINTOSH: What is it?
DOCTOR: The Vortex Interferometer. It detects disturbances in the space-time continuum.
MCINTOSH: Meaning...?
DOCTOR: Somebody has just punched a hole in the universe. Of course. The time breach.
MCINTOSH: I don't understand.
DOCTOR: Somebody, somewhere in London, is operating a time machine.

PICKENS: What are you doing, Brewster? What is this thing?
THOMAS: Mother showed me where to find the materials. She showed me how to build it, and now she will return.
NYSSA: What? What's he talking about?
PICKENS: God have mercy on us, she's dead, Brewster. Ain't no machine gonna bring your mother back to life.
THOMAS: Mother, you're alive. I did it.
MOTHER: I'm very proud of you, Brewster dear. Come to me.
NYSSA: There... there's something. Something's coming through.
PICKENS: What are those things? Imps, goblins?

NYSSA: I don't know.
PICKENS: Demons, maybe.
NYSSA: They seem to be composed of smoke. A sort of living smoke.
PICKENS: It's the dead. It's spirits of the dead. Brewster! Look at him, he's frozen.
NYSSA: I think, whatever they are, they're all around him. It's too late.
PICKENS: Brewster, get out. Get yourself out of there! It's no good. I'm going to have to go and fetch him out. You stay here, lady. Thomas. Tom. It's me. It's your mate Pickens. Remember?
THOMAS: Pickens.
PICKENS: That's right. Now... now, give me your hand.
NYSSA: Get back, now! Those things are going to attack!
PICKENS: I'm not leaving without him. I love...
(Snarling. Coughs, choking. Thud.)
MOTHER: Welcome to the future. Welcome to the year 2008.

[Part Three]

THOMAS: Mother? Where are you? Mother? Come back.
NYSSA: Brewster, we have to get away.
THOMAS: Pickens. What's happened to him?
NYSSA: He's dead. Suffocated, I think.
THOMAS: None of this was supposed to happen. He can't be dead. He can't be.
NYSSA: He died trying to save your life. We've got to get out of here, those things, they're evil. (coughs)
Hold your breath. Whatever you do, don't breathe in, don't inhale.
THOMAS: But Pickens. We can't leave him.
NYSSA: We have to go, now!

MCINTOSH: Sorry, Doctor. Tell me again. A time machine?
DOCTOR: Well, more a machine for creating an access point for a... a corridor linking one time period to another.
MCINTOSH: You mean, they've opened a door to another point in history?
DOCTOR: Yes, something like that.
MCINTOSH: That's fantastic. Absurd, but fantastic.
DOCTOR: Yes, wait a moment, wait a moment.
MCINTOSH: But to where? I mean, to when? This corridor, does it lead to the past or to the future?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. That list you made of all the items that were stolen, where is it? Where is it?
MCINTOSH: Here, Doctor. What is it?
DOCTOR: Of course. Achromatic lenses, parabolic mirrors. That's what they wanted them for. A time machine. I should have deduced, but no one from this century could possibly have the expertise.
MCINTOSH: You mean it was formulated by some other party from another era?
DOCTOR: It rather looks that way, yes.
MCINTOSH: But Doctor, this doesn't help us to locate Miss Nyssa.
DOCTOR: Ah, now that, my dear Robert, is where you're wrong. With the Interferometer we can pinpoint the location of the time breach, and if we know that...
MCINTOSH: We will know where they've taken her.
DOCTOR: Precisely.

NYSSA: How far are we from the station?
THOMAS: A hundred yards. What were those? They were like... made of smoke, but alive. A living pea-souper.
NYSSA: I don't know. A life-form based upon suspended gas particles. You didn't expect this to happen?
THOMAS: No. Mother said if I did as I was bid she'd come back to me.
NYSSA: Come back to you?
THOMAS: She done herself in, when I was four or five. Couldn't face things. Jumped off Southwark Bridge.
NYSSA: I'm very sorry for your loss but, you said you still speak to her?
THOMAS: I did. Do. It's hard to talk about her. I see her sometimes, like she was after she died, hear her voice, like in a dream, but not a dream.
NYSSA: You mean you see her ghost?
THOMAS: No. She's as real as you are now. She said she was trapped, like behind a glass, caught somewhere between alive and dead, and I could help her, help her back into this world.
NYSSA: So when you built the machine, you didn't know what it would do.
THOMAS: All she said was that it would make her alive again. I didn't understand it.
GUARD: Oi. You there! Out the tunnel!
THOMAS: Those spirits. They're right behind us.

GUARD: No persons are allowed on the rails. This station is closed.
THOMAS: Yeah, a word of advice, mate - if you don't want to be brown bread, pike off.
GUARD: Are you threatening me, boy?
NYSSA: There's been some sort of toxic gas leak. For your own safety you should leave with us.
GUARD: Oh nonsense, I would have known if...
(Growl.)
GUARD: Oh my Heavenly Father. What are those things?
NYSSA: Don't go near them!
GUARD: Help me! I can't breathe... Argh. (thud)
THOMAS: Quick, lady. Up onto the platform.
NYSSA: It's too dark. We'll never find our way out of here.
DOCTOR: Nyssa!
NYSSA: Doctor?
MCINTOSH: Miss Nyssa, is that you?
NYSSA: Robert. I'm so glad to see you.
DOCTOR: Are you all right? I thought...
NYSSA: Doctor, we have to leave, now. Look.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. A form of sentient miasma. I wonder how it metabolises?
MCINTOSH: It is as if the fog were alive.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is, rather.
THOMAS: It does people in.
DOCTOR: Does it? Sorry, I, I don't believe we've met.
NYSSA: Doctor, we don't have time for this.
DOCTOR: No, you're right. Come on.

THOMAS: I can breathe. Thank the Lord for the sweet night air.
DOCTOR: Help me, whoever you are. We need to get this closed.
THOMAS: That's not going to stop 'em.
DOCTOR: No, but it might give us a few minutes, Mister...?
THOMAS: Brewster. Thomas Brewster.
DOCTOR: Glad to meet you, Thomas Brewster. Are you the miscreant who broke into my house? You stole my electromagnetic field generator.
NYSSA: That's hardly important any more, and it didn't belong to you.
MCINTOSH: I agree with Miss Nyssa. We have other more desperate concerns.
DOCTOR: Yes. Back to my place, and then Brewster here can explain why he has been building a time machine.

THOMAS: The year 2008.
MCINTOSH: That must be from where - when, sorry - those death wraiths originate. The distant future. What a world it must be with such beings in it.
DOCTOR: I'm not so sure. I've visited Earth in that year and there were no creatures of that description. I feel sure I would have noticed.
NYSSA: Doctor, you always told me the future was indeterminate.
THOMAS: In the where?
NYSSA: Indeterminate. Subject to change.
DOCTOR: Of course. By their own bootstraps.
MCINTOSH: Sorry, did you say bootstraps?
DOCTOR: They're pulling themselves up by their own bootstraps.
NYSSA: You mean an ontological time loop?
MCINTOSH: No, not following, I'm afraid.
THOMAS: I was with you as far as bootstraps.
DOCTOR: Explain, Nyssa.
NYSSA: In a quantum universe...
DOCTOR: All futures are possible, though some are more probable than others. Now, one of those futures must be one in which these creatures control the Earth.
MCINTOSH: I see. You mean that's a possibility?
NYSSA: A very remote one. But if in that future they have the capacity to send information back through time...
DOCTOR: For instance, instructions on how to create a time corridor...
NYSSA: Then they can use that time corridor to travel back into the past to influence events so that the future in which they occupy the Earth becomes more likely.
DOCTOR: And the more likely it becomes, the greater their presence in *this* time. So what was once just a possibility becomes a probability.

NYSSA: Which becomes a certainty. They invade the past, in order to create the future from which they invaded the past. It's perfectly logical.

THOMAS: I was with you as far as bootstraps.

MCINTOSH: That is fascinating, if baffling. But what, may I ask, has it to do with Brewster seeing his mother?

DOCTOR: A projection, perhaps? Yes, a psychic projection from the future.

MCINTOSH: A psychic projection?

DOCTOR: Given the very low likelihood of their future, it would require an astronomical amount of energy to communicate through Time. And even then, the signal would be very weak.

NYSSA: They would need to find someone who was particularly receptive, someone willing to follow their directions.

DOCTOR: Someone who listened to ghosts.

THOMAS: I've had enough of this.

NYSSA: So they made sure they appeared to Thomas as the one person he most wanted to see.

MCINTOSH: His mother.

THOMAS: You say that, but you don't know aught. It was her, it was!

NYSSA: Thomas...

THOMAS: You talk about all this, la-di-dah like none of it matters. Well, it matters to me! And I'm telling you she was real. Se wasn't some sick fantasy in my head. And now something's gone wrong and I don't know what. But that don't mean she was lying. She wouldn't lie to me!

(Door closes.)

NYSSA: Thomas!

JUDY: Fancy a pennyworth, love?

HARTWRIGHT: I'd get you indoors, Judy. You won't see much business tonight.

JUDY: Oh, it's you, Mister Hartwright. Didn't recognise you. Thought you were making me an offer.

HARTWRIGHT: I'm not surprised. In this fog I could be the Earl of Derby himself.

JUDY: And so you could and all!

HARTWRIGHT: No, it's not safe out here, love.

JUDY: Well, I ain't shiftin'. I'm waiting on a regular. Should have been along half an hour since.

(Carriage crashes.)

HARTWRIGHT: What the...?

JUDY: Heaven and hells. They've spilt!

HARTWRIGHT: They must have been driving the carriage blind in the mist.

JUDY: And killed the horses. What could do that?

HARTWRIGHT: The mist. Look at the mist.

JUDY: I haven't seen one like that before. Oh, it has a glow to it.

HARTWRIGHT: There's no breeze. The air is still. It's completely still.

JUDY: So why is it blowing towards us? Oh no, that ain't no London Particular. That ain't natural. Look at it.

It's as if it were reaching out for us.

HARTWRIGHT: Come on, Judy. Let's get inside.

JUDY: No! It's following us!

HARTWRIGHT: It's the death! Run! (coughing) The... the houses. Try the houses.

JUDY: Oh, let me in! (banging on a door) Help me, I'm begging you! Will someone let me in!

HARTWRIGHT: It's no good. Oh no! Argh!

(Two thuds.)

NYSSA [OC]: Are you up here?

THOMAS: In the bedroom, Miss.

(Door opens and closes.)

NYSSA: We didn't mean to distress you.

THOMAS: Yeah, right. You don't know what it's like.

NYSSA: What?

THOMAS: To have no mother. No father. To be alone in all the wide world. To be thrown into the spike because no one wanted you, no one cared.

NYSSA: I do.

THOMAS: What?

NYSSA: I know what it's like. My parents were taken from me too.

THOMAS: Then you understand why I had to do it, to bring her back.

NYSSA: You can't bring people back.

THOMAS: You must want to, though, in your heart of hearts.

NYSSA: No, Thomas. You have to live your life. I remember my mother and father, and they wouldn't have wanted me to waste my life on grief, on wondering what might have been. They would want me to be happy, to make a future for myself. And I do that, not to forget them, but to honour their memory.

THOMAS: At least you knew your parents. I never saw mine, ever. Except my mother when she was laid out.

NYSSA: Come here. It's all right.

THOMAS: (sniffs) You're a real lady, Miss.

NYSSA: Please, call me Nyssa.

THOMAS: Nyssa. It's a pretty name.

NYSSA: You have to realise, whoever it was you saw, it wasn't your mother. It was something powerful and evil, using your mother's form.

MOTHER [OC]: Don't listen to her, Brewster. You can trust me. I know where you are. I'm coming for you.

NYSSA: Thomas? Are you all right?

THOMAS: Yeah. Yeah. Sorry, what were you saying?

NYSSA: I was saying, what you think is your...

THOMAS: What is it, Miss?

NYSSA: Shh! Outside. Those smoke creatures.

THOMAS: Where? I can't see 'em.

NYSSA: Look, over the rooftops to the south.

THOMAS: The spirits.

NYSSA: Yes, and they're coming this way.

MCINTOSH: What is this you're doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Putting it simply, I'm trying to adapt the Vortex Interferometer from detecting disturbances in Space-Time to... well, creating them.

MCINTOSH: With what intention?

DOCTOR: With any luck I can disrupt the link with 2008.

MCINTOSH: You mean close off the corridor?

DOCTOR: Exactly. And if I remove the possibility of there being a future with those creatures they won't be able to maintain a presence in this time. At least, that's the theory.

MCINTOSH: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm, yes?

MCINTOSH: I've known you for a year, worked alongside you, and now I discover that I haven't known you at all.

DOCTOR: This isn't really the time.

MCINTOSH: All this talk of time machines and psychic projections. You're not of this age, are you? Not of this world.

DOCTOR: No. No, I'm not. Sorry for deceiving you, Robert.

MCINTOSH: So for a year you've been lying to me, treating me like a fool.

DOCTOR: It's not like that.

MCINTOSH: This Nyssa, she knows you, and yet you never once mentioned her to me. Seems you will entrust your secrets to a girl but not to me.

DOCTOR: It's not a question of trust. Even if I had told you the truth you would never have believed it.

MCINTOSH: You never gave me the chance!

DOCTOR: You're right. I've treated you badly. When all this is blown over I'll make it up to you.

MCINTOSH: No, Doctor. When this is over I will no longer be your assistant.

DOCTOR: What?

MCINTOSH: I'll resume my studies at the Edinburgh Medical School. It appears my time with you has been wasted.

(Door opens.)

NYSSA: Doctor, take a look outside.

MCINTOSH: What? I can't see anything.

DOCTOR: No. No street lamps, no stars, not even the buildings opposite.

THOMAS: The smog, it's alright.

DOCTOR: Phosphorescence. I'm afraid that's no smog.

MCINTOSH: Oh my sweet Lord.

THOMAS: The wandering spirits are all about us. The sky, the street, everywhere, scores of 'em.

DOCTOR: Quick, there's not a moment to lose. We have to close every window, every door, seal them tight. Use damp towels, curtain strips, anything you can find. We have to make sure that nothing can enter this building.

NYSSA: All the windows, I've done my best to make them airtight. I don't how much good it will do.

THOMAS: I've locked and lagged everywhere upstairs.

NYSSA: Is there anywhere else, any other way those things could get in?

THOMAS: Not that I can figure.

MAN [OC]: Help me!

NYSSA: What was that?

THOMAS: There's someone out there. Some moocher or bobtail.
NYSSA: We have to help them.
THOMAS: There's nothing we can do. They're already dead. Those spirits, they want us to open the door.
NYSSA: I think they're trying to find another way in.
THOMAS: Hang on. Quick. lady, the glim. The glim! Hand us the candle.
NYSSA: What?
THOMAS: The keyhole. We have to bung it with wax. There. Get through that if you can.
NYSSA: They won't give up that easily. Where now?
THOMAS: Downstairs. The kitchens. Come on.

MCINTOSH: That's the window blocked. Not a moment too soon. The air out there is thick with those phantoms.
DOCTOR: Wandering hither and thither in restless haste. Right, that's done it. Now for the moment of truth.
(Click, fizz.)
MCINTOSH: Is it working?
DOCTOR: It is. I'm surprised, and delighted.
MCINTOSH: The phantoms without seem not to be affected.
DOCTOR: They wouldn't be, not immediately. The balance of probability still lies in their favour. The bad news will take a while to feed through.
MCINTOSH: How long?
DOCTOR: Sooner rather than later, I hope. Thank you, Robert. I couldn't have done any of this without you.
MCINTOSH: There is nothing you can say that will make me reconsider. Though I would prefer it if we parted on good terms.
DOCTOR: Me too. I've enjoyed your company this last year. No regrets.
MCINTOSH: No regrets.
DOCTOR: I'm sure you'll make an excellent doctor. All modesty aside, it takes one to know one.
MCINTOSH: Doctor, one question.
DOCTOR: Yes.
MCINTOSH: What is this Police Box? All this time I've intended to ask.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Well, it's...
(Scraping.)
DOCTOR: What was that?
MCINTOSH: It came from over there.
DOCTOR: The fireplace. We forgot to block it up!

NYSSA: That's everything secured, I think. We should go back upstairs, Thomas.
THOMAS: Call me Brewster. I'm used to it. It's what Pickens called me.
NYSSA: Yes, poor Pickens.
THOMAS: Only friend I ever had. Now he's pegged it. Must be something about me. Now I'm all alone in the world.
NYSSA: You don't have to be alone. Not if you don't want to be.
MOTHER [OC]: Brewster, dear.
THOMAS [OC]: Mother? You're so faint.
MOTHER [OC]: Something's gone wrong with the process.
THOMAS [OC]: What is it? What must I do?
NYSSA: Brewster. Are you all right?
THOMAS: What? What's going on?
NYSSA: Was your mother speaking to you?
THOMAS: No. It was ... I was just thinking about Pickens, that's all, er, thinking, if it wasn't for me he'd still be alive.
NYSSA: If she communicates with you again you must tell us. It's very important.
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: Doctor, what is it?
MCINTOSH: Those things. They've found a way into the house.
NYSSA: But that's impossible. We've sealed all the doors and windows, all ventilation...
DOCTOR: Yes, but unfortunately we overlooked one thing.
(Scraping)
THOMAS: The chimneys!
DOCTOR: Yes Brewster, the chimneys.
NYSSA: Oh no.
DOCTOR: Everyone, back upstairs now.
MCINTOSH: We can block it off, there's still time. The table.
DOCTOR: No Robert, we have to get out of here.

THOMAS: It's in the flue, coming down.
NYSSA: Robert, it's no good.
DOCTOR: Move away from the fireplace.
MCINTOSH: Go, all of you, I can hold it.
DOCTOR: It will kill you!
MCINTOSH: Then rather me than you, my friends.
DOCTOR: Robert...
THOMAS: Nyssa, through here. Now. Do I have to drag you?
MCINTOSH: (coughing) You too, Doctor. Go.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Robert, so sorry.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Quick, cover the door. That tablecloth should do it.
NYSSA: We can't leave him in there.
THOMAS: We can't go back either.
NYSSA: You're leaving him to die.
DOCTOR: Brewster is right. There is nothing we can do. Robert sacrificed himself to give us a chance to escape. It seems I have a habit of underestimating people, and losing good friends.
NYSSA: We must do something.
THOMAS: You saw that smoke spirit went inside him like the others.
NYSSA: But we can't just leave him to...
DOCTOR: I know, Nyssa, believe me, I know, but it's hopeless. We should move. That door won't detain them for long.
THOMAS: These kens are all the same. The hearths are all drawn by the flue pipes to the same chimney. It'll be able to follow us to anywhere with a fireplace.
DOCTOR: Right, in that case, everybody upstairs, my bedroom.
NYSSA: How will that help?
DOCTOR: It doesn't have a fireplace.
THOMAS: They're here!
DOCTOR: Quick - napkins. Cover your mouth and nose. Try not to inhale, and upstairs. After me. Hurry!

(Door closes.)
THOMAS: They're right behind us.
DOCTOR: Draught excluder, against the door.
NYSSA: That won't be enough to stop them.
DOCTOR: Give me the sheets off the bed. Fasten them over the door, tight!
THOMAS: And then what? We can't stay boxed up in 'ere forever.
DOCTOR: We won't need to stay here forever. Nyssa, check the window.
NYSSA: What am I looking for? All I can see is mist.
DOCTOR: Any change in those creatures, any signs they might be dispersing.
NYSSA: Dispersing ?
DOCTOR: I've broken their link to the year 2008. Their presence here is now a paradox, which means...?
NYSSA: They originate from a future that cannot possibly exist.
DOCTOR: Exactly. And it's only a matter of time before they realise that.
THOMAS: Pair-of-docks or not, we're trapped, and none of your high-and-mighty words are going to save us.
MOTHER [OC]: You can save them, Brewster.
THOMAS [OC]: What?
MOTHER [OC]: The Doctor has constructed a device. That's what's bringing the spirits here.
THOMAS [OC]: Mother, I can barely see you.
MOTHER [OC]: You must destroy it.
THOMAS [OC]: But the spirits are...
MOTHER [OC]: And then at last, I will be with you.
THOMAS [OC]: But... but those thing'll do me in.
MOTHER [OC]: No harm will befall you. Trust me.
THOMAS [OC]: And the Doctor and Nyssa, I don't want them harmed.
MOTHER [OC]: If you do as you are bid, you'll be saving their lives.
DOCTOR: Brewster, you were talking to her.
THOMAS: She told me what I had to do. She wants to help.
DOCTOR: What did she say?
THOMAS: It's you, you did it. You're the one. You brought them here.
DOCTOR: What?
THOMAS: I've got to go downstairs. I know what to do.
NYSSA: But you'll be killed.
THOMAS: Don't you worry about me, Miss.

DOCTOR: I can't allow you to do this, Brewster.

THOMAS: Out of my way, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No.

THOMAS: I said, out of my way!

(Punch, thud.)

NYSSA: Thomas!

THOMAS: It's Brewster, Miss. Look after him, will ya? Have to dash.

(Door closes.)

NYSSA: Doctor. Wake up, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ow.

THOMAS: I can't do it. Mother, the... the spirits, they're everywhere.

MOTHER [OC]: They will not attack. Proceed into the Doctor 's study.

THOMAS: Upon my soul, they're going. The spirits, they're fading away.

DOCTOR: Ah.

NYSSA: Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR: I'm fine. I think my pride is more bruised than anything else. That boy can certainly pack a punch.

NYSSA: He went downstairs. I couldn't stop him. Do you think he's still alive?

DOCTOR: I don't know. I wonder why he wanted to leave so urgently?

NYSSA: Doctor, the mist outside. It's clearing.

DOCTOR: It's working. They can't sustain themselves. They're becoming too unlikely to exist.

NYSSA: You mean we've defeated them? Earth's future is secure?

DOCTOR: Yes. It certainly looks like it.

THOMAS: This is it. The Doctor's machine. I still don't know about this.

MOTHER [OC]: Now, Brewster! Destroy it. Break it, crush it, smash it to pieces.

NYSSA: And the people killed?

DOCTOR: I imagine an explanation will be found. Just another lethal London smog, all too frequent in this era.

NYSSA: Doctor, if those creatures have disappeared, then maybe Brewster might still be alive.

DOCTOR: Yes.

(Distant crash.)

NYSSA: What was that?

DOCTOR: Oh no.

THOMAS: I've done it. Now, can you come back to me? Please.

MOTHER [OC]: There is one last thing to do.

THOMAS [OC]: What is it?

MOTHER [OC]: The girl has an item in her possession.

NYSSA: Brewster.

THOMAS: Nyssa.

NYSSA: You're safe.

THOMAS: Oh. Sorry, Miss. Nearly knocked you over there.

DOCTOR: What happened? What have you done?

THOMAS: I've stopped them, Doctor. Stopped the spirits. Your machine was bringing them here.

DOCTOR: You idiot! This machine was all that was preventing them from actualising, and now you've wrecked it.

THOMAS: No. You had it wrong. Mother said.

DOCTOR: Listen to me, Brewster. Whatever it is inside your head telling you what to do, it isn't your mother.

THOMAS: No. She's real and true, she is.

DOCTOR: Nyssa, the window. Check outside.

NYSSA: It's clear. There's no sign of the smoke creatures. But for how long? Without the Interferometer, the time corridor will re-open.

DOCTOR: Yes, they're going to come back, and there will be no escape anywhere.

NYSSA: Then there's nothing we can do to stop them. They will have assured their own destiny, one in which they control the future of Earth.

DOCTOR: Brewster? Where's that boy gone?

NYSSA: He was here a second ago.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: I don't believe it. He's stolen the Tardis!

[Part Four]

THOMAS: I'd done it. I smashed the Doctor's machine. Milled it good and proper. Then they came down from upstairs, the Doctor and Miss Nyssa. And Mother, she said...

MOTHER [OC]: The girl has an item in her possession. There is a key in her left pocket. Take it.

THOMAS: So I palmed it, swift and gentle like.

THOMAS: Oh! Sorry, Miss. Nearly knocked you over there.

MOTHER [OC]: The key will open the blue box.

THOMAS: Yeah! The blue box. The one out of Creek's shop. The same one I'd seen as a squeaker. And while the two of them were busy gawping the other way...

DOCTOR: Nyssa, the window, check outside.

THOMAS: I took advantage. I slipped quietly behind out of sight.

NYSSA: There's no sign of the smoke creatures, but for how long?

THOMAS: It wasn't a double like any I'd seen before, but it fitted the lock snug enough, and I was inside. I found myself in this room, like a chapel, all stark and white. And there, standing at this desk thing was ... a woman, dressed all in black.

MOTHER [OC]: Quickly.

(Tardis doors close.)

MOTHER [OC]: I will guide your hands on the console.

THOMAS: What is this place? Where am I?

THOMAS: There was this noise, like engines but inside my head, hollering, and I thought I was drowning. (The Tardis dematerialises.)

NYSSA: Doctor, without the Tardis...

DOCTOR: We're stuck, yes. But why do it, though? Why hijack the Tardis?

NYSSA: Well, presumably to make sure we would be unable to escape, and could no longer disrupt the time corridor.

DOCTOR: Yes, but Brewster never showed any interest in the Tardis.

NYSSA: No Doctor, he did.

DOCTOR: What?

NYSSA: When he first broke in, he said he'd seen it before.

DOCTOR: He did? Where?

NYSSA: He mentioned a shop. Creek's. But I don't see how this helps us now.

DOCTOR: It means, Nyssa, that somewhere in London there is another Tardis.

NYSSA: Another Tardis?

DOCTOR: Yes, or rather, my Tardis again.

NYSSA: You mean it is - was - in two places at once?

DOCTOR: Precisely. Well, it is a time machine after all. But how to find one shop in the whole of London twenty years before the invention of the telephone directory.

NYSSA: Wait. I remember Pickens mention somewhere. Jacob's Island. That's where it is.

DOCTOR: Right, then that's where we're going.

NYSSA: Haven't you forgotten something, Doctor? Those creatures. Soon they'll be all over London again.

DOCTOR: Yes, which is why we have to leave now, while we still can.

(The Tardis materialises.)

THOMAS: Mother? Mother, are you there?

THOMAS: But she wasn't there no more. I was alone. I didn't know if I was dead, alive, or what I was. All I knew was there was this murderous pain in my tuppenny loaf. A throbbing like nothing I'd ever felt before.

THOMAS: Help me. Somebody.

(The Tardis doors open.)

THOMAS: Help me.

THOMAS: Then I looked out, expecting to see the old Doctor's study. It was nothing like that. It was dark, but glimmering a sort of green, and it was a city that'd fallen to rubble, burning. I could see bodies black and

charred. And everywhere , there was the fog. Those spirits streaming about, drifting through the ruins, swooping and twirling and shifting and seething. Hundreds of them, more than I could count, going on and on forever into the night.

DOCTOR: This way. Saint Saviour's Dock.

NYSSA: It's nearly dawn. Doctor, look.

DOCTOR: What?

NYSSA: Across the river over the city. The mist.

DOCTOR: I see it.

NYSSA: It's moving through the streets, looking for us.

DOCTOR: Then we haven't much time. Down here. Oh my word, how colourful.

NYSSA: Oh, the smell. I can hardly breathe.

DOCTOR: This must be it. Jacob's Island. Careful, the wharf is slippery, and you wouldn't want to fall in.

NYSSA: Oh, I can't believe anyone would chose to live in such a place.

DOCTOR: They don't, Nyssa. Poverty chooses for them. Take my hand.

NYSSA: Doctor, there are dead things down there .

DOCTOR: I'd stay away from the edge, then. Anyway, we're here. Creek's second-hand goods bought and sold. Hello? Shop! Anyone in?

NYSSA: Doctor, the fog. It's across the river now.

DOCTOR: Desperate times call for desperate measures. One, two!

(Breaks door down.)

NYSSA: What sort of place is this?

DOCTOR: Quite an Old Curiosity Shop. Must have been deserted for years, judging by the build-up of dust.

NYSSA: Everything is decaying, even these.

DOCTOR: Careful. (china breaks) Fortunately I don't think the last occupants left anything valuable. Except... Ah ha!

NYSSA: The Tardis. Doctor, those things are outside.

DOCTOR: Yes. Well, give me the Tardis key and we'll leave. The key?

NYSSA: I don't have it. Brewster must have stolen it from me.

DOCTOR: What? That's terrible news. Fortunately I always carry a spare. (Opens door.) Come on.

NYSSA: But how did the Tardis end up in this shop in the first place?

DOCTOR: That's a very good question. Hopefully the answer will be in the Tardis's memory bank.

NYSSA: Doctor, if this Tardis comes from a point in our future...

DOCTOR: Hmm, yes?

NYSSA: Then where are our future selves?

DOCTOR: Another good question. Yes, we must be around somewhere, I imagine.

NYSSA: Unless something happened to us. We could be dead, couldn't we, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You are full of good questions today, aren't you? Now that's interesting. Since the last time I was on board, the Tardis has made two journeys.

NYSSA: Two?

DOCTOR: Arrived in London 1866. That was my last landing, and after that it was piloted to the year 2008 and then a return trip to the year 1833.

NYSSA: Those were the only two journeys?

DOCTOR: Yes.

NYSSA: So the Tardis has been sitting here, waiting for us for the last thirty four years.

DOCTOR: That would seem to be the case. Never mind, old girl, we're here now, that's the main thing.

NYSSA: Wait a moment. The year 2008?

DOCTOR: Yes.

NYSSA: That's the year those creatures were coming from. The other end of the time corridor.

DOCTOR: Yes, Brewster must have sent the Tardis into the version of the future those things came from.

NYSSA: And also the source of the psychic projection.

DOCTOR: I wonder what happened to him?

NYSSA: Yes.

DOCTOR: Only one way to find out.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

THOMAS: I don't know how long I'd been lying there. Half-awake... weeping for my mother and my mortal soul. Then out of nowhere, there was this breeze. (the Tardis materialises) And in the middle of the floor appeared the blue box.

(Tardis materialisation comes to a halt, console bleep to indicate landing, Tardis scanner operated.)

NYSSA: I don't believe it. You've landed us in the Tardis console room.

DOCTOR: What's wrong with that?

NYSSA: Doctor, landing a Tardis inside another Tardis is dangerous enough, without it being the same Tardis at an earlier point in its history.

DOCTOR: Really? I thought it was rather neat.

(The Tardis doors open.)

THOMAS: Doctor. Miss Nyssa. Thank Heaven.

DOCTOR: Not only have you broken into my house and destroyed a rather valuable piece of equipment, but now you've stolen my Tardis! What do you have to say for yourself?

THOMAS: I... I... I... I think I'm going to faint.

NYSSA: Doctor, he's not well.

DOCTOR: Proximity side-effect. He's too close to the source of the psychic link. It's inducing severe neurological trauma.

NYSSA: So this is the Earth in the year 2008. A smouldering desolation.

DOCTOR: Yes. Or rather, this is one of its potential futures.

NYSSA: The one with those creatures?

DOCTOR: The worst of all possible worlds. They've reduced the whole planet to ash and clinker simply to generate the energy to summon this reality into existence. I think we've seen enough.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: Look after our young friend. I have to check something.

NYSSA: Thomas, can you hear me? Thomas?

THOMAS: Yes, Miss? Where am I?

NYSSA: What do you remember?

THOMAS: Mother told me to take the key off you. I didn't want to straight-up, and then I opened the box, and...

DOCTOR: You said you'd seen the Tardis before.

THOMAS: The what?

NYSSA: The blue box, the Tardis.

THOMAS: Yeah. Yeah, we found it on the river, down from London Bridge. Covered in silt, it was. Creek said it must have been there for years.

DOCTOR: Yes, thirty years at least.

NYSSA: How does this help us?

DOCTOR: I need to know exactly where the Tardis ended up because that is where I'm programming it to fly to.

NYSSA: Of course. The second trip in the memory banks, to 1833. But if it materialises in the Thames, what will happen to us?

DOCTOR: Well, we won't be on board, will we?

NYSSA: We won't?

DOCTOR: No, we have to seal up the time corridor permanently. If I set the Tardis to travel back through the corridor, it can close the breach after it, like a... a zip fastener.

THOMAS: A what?

DOCTOR: An invention from your fu... (sigh) To be honest, if you didn't understand that bit I don't think you're going to stand much of a chance with the rest. Course laid in. The Tardis will dematerialise in sixty seconds.

NYSSA: And we don't want to be on board?

DOCTOR: No, we should withdraw to the Tardis.

NYSSA: We're in the Tardis.

DOCTOR: The other Tardis.

THOMAS: Saying that, the Doctor opened up the blue box, and I stepped inside.

(Tardis door closes.)

THOMAS: Hold on. This is the same place.

NYSSA: Yes, but at a later point in relative time.

THOMAS: What?

DOCTOR: You were in the Tardis in the year 2008, which will shortly be ending up at the bottom of the Thames. You are now inside the Tardis that was in the Thames and which is currently inside the other earlier Tardis.

THOMAS: Does it make sense to you?

NYSSA: Yes, it's quite logical.

THOMAS: Fair enough. Just me, then.

DOCTOR: Now, we have to dematerialise before the other Tardis does.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: You know, I'm getting quite good at this?
NYSSA: Doctor, it's working. The earlier Tardis is closing up the time corridor.
DOCTOR: (muffled) And in a moment in the year 2008 those creatures won't really have existed in the past...
THOMAS: Help me!
NYSSA: (muffled) So no time corridor, no problem.
THOMAS: Help. My head!
DOCTOR: (muffled) Exactly. Brewster's time...
THOMAS: Oh, my head. Argh!
NYSSA: Brewster?
DOCTOR: Oh no. I didn't realise.
NYSSA: What's wrong?
DOCTOR: Without the time corridor, the psychic link to Brewster is dying and it's taking him with it.
NYSSA: The link they used for the psychic projection? But that's...
MOTHER: ♪ Old Bailey.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can hear it too.
MOTHER: ♪ When I grow rich.
NYSSA: What is it? A children's rhyme?
DOCTOR: A psychic test signal.
MOTHER: ♪ Say the Bells of Shoreditch.
DOCTOR: That's how they must have tuned into his consciousness in the first place. We're landing.

NYSSA: I hope he'll be all right in there on his own. Well, what now?
DOCTOR: We have to locate the point when the psychic link was first established, and find some way of preventing it.
NYSSA: Won't that be changing history?
DOCTOR: Events will still unfold as before, we can't alter that, but what is killing Brewster is the fact that his past is predicated upon a future that can never come about.
NYSSA: A paradox.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Brewster built a time machine to ensure the future that gave him the information to build the time machine. Remove the possibility of that future, and suddenly his life becomes a contradiction in causality.
NYSSA: So you need to find some way of collapsing the time paradox, resolving the contradiction.
DOCTOR: Yes. And save a young man's life.

LILLIAN: Well, you know I don't have the health left in me to bring up a child, what with my nerves and boys being so noisy and boisterous.
TOBY: Not this one. I've never seen a less boisterous specimen.
NYSSA: I recognise the body. It's the same woman I saw in the Tardis.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure if Brewster would have been invited.
NYSSA: He was. He mentioned to me he saw his mother laid out after she died. I think that's him.
DOCTOR: We're too early. What year is this?
NYSSA: 1851.
LILLIAN: Oh no, leave the boy alone.
TOBY: Got to learn she isn't coming back. Harsh reality's the only way.

THOMAS: Mother?
MOTHER [OC]: The Doctor and Nyssa are trying to prevent me from being with you. They're attempting to reconfigure the past so you will cease to ever have known me.
(Tardis door opens.)
THOMAS: Never known you? How can that be?
NYSSA: Where next?
DOCTOR: Brewster, after the funeral when did you next see your mother?
THOMAS: Er, I don't remember.
DOCTOR: Think. Did she appear in a dream?
THOMAS: I don't want to lose her.
DOCTOR: She's dead, Thomas. You've got to accept that. Stop wishing she will return. You have to let her go.
THOMAS: No. She's real and true.
DOCTOR: He's clinging to her memory, trying to keep her alive, even at the expense of his own life.
NYSSA: Doctor, Brewster told me, after his mother died he was thrown into the spike. What's the spike?

(The Tardis materialises.)
MEG: Well, if you can't do for him, it'll have to be left to the parish.

LILLIAN: You mean... the workhouse?

MEG: No more than he deserves. Miserable creature. Huh. I blame his mother...

NYSSA: Do you think he'll be all right?

DOCTOR: We won't be long. A swift word with the workhouse master.

(Tardis door opens.)

THOMAS: There I was, all alone in the chapel of white, my napper pounding away and my eyes blurring with tears and then... I was somewhere else. A bridge at night, the lamp shining like angels in the mist. Though I never walked it, I knew that place all too well. It was Southwark, where my mother died.

DOCTOR: The boy. Has he mentioned any bad dreams at all?

SHANKS: Bad dreams?

NYSSA: So, the psychic link hasn't yet been established.

DOCTOR: I don't think so, no. We need to find the point when Brewster's mother started talking to him, guiding him rather than merely transmitting the test signal.

(Tardis doors close.)

NYSSA: Doctor, look at Thomas.

DOCTOR: Yes. Some sort of psychic reverie.

THOMAS: I stood on that bridge. Could have been for minutes, could have been for hours. Then she came. My mother. Not as she'd been before - she wasn't in black. She was in housemaid's togs. She was sobbing her heart out.

MOTHER: Brewster.

THOMAS: Mother. You... you're alive.

MOTHER: Of course I am, my love.

THOMAS: But... this is before, before you...

MOTHER: Before I jumped.

THOMAS: Yes.

MOTHER: You can save me. I could have been with you throughout your childhood. I could have looked after you.

THOMAS: I can save you? How?

MOTHER: The Doctor and Nyssa.

THOMAS: What?

MOTHER: You must kill them.

SHANKS [OC]: Ye have heard that it was said of them of old time...

THOMAS: No. No.

MOTHER: You've killed before.

SHANKS [OC]: ... thou shalt not kill.

THOMAS: I haven't done nothing.

MOTHER: You allowed Creek to die. You allowed McIntosh to die. You even caused the death of your friend Pickens.

PICKENS [OC]: I'm not leaving without him!

MOTHER: You are a killer, Brewster.

SHANKS [OC]: Thou shalt not kill.

MOTHER: That is who you are.

THOMAS: Argh! No.

MOTHER: No?

THOMAS: Thou shalt not kill. If you're my real mother, you wouldn't ask me to do such a thing.

MOTHER: I am your real mother!

THOMAS: Then I don't want to know you. I'm better off going on without you.

MOTHER: You know why I did for myself, don't you? Because I had a baby that had driven me to distraction. A baby that had brought shame and ruination upon me. You, Brewster. You were the one that killed me.

THOMAS: No.

MEG [OC]: Make no bones about it, Lil.

MEG + MOTHER: If it weren't for him...

MOTHER: ... his blessed mother would still be here today.

THOMAS: You're not her. You're not her.

MOTHER: You'll always know. You could have saved me, but you chose not to.

(Scream, splash.)

NYSSA: Brewster, are you all right?

THOMAS: She's not my mother. It was all a trick, all of it. I was being used. She - it - was evil.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

THOMAS: I used to feel bitter. She died. Wished I could have done something. But now, I just feel sorry for her.

DOCTOR: Brewster, you have to tell us. When did she first speak to you?

CREEK: Who... who's there? What do you want?

DOCTOR: Mister Creek, I take it.

CREEK: Who's asking? Is it the Revenue? I'm only a humble river man. Ever so humble.

DOCTOR: He claims you were working there.

THOMAS: I know, Doctor. I heard it all.

NYSSA: You heard?

THOMAS: When you were in the shop with Creek, I was in the back room. Not me now, but two years since.

CREEK [OC]: Filching, mm? I knew it.

THOMAS: It's all as it was before, like turning back the pages of a book.

DOCTOR: When precisely was contact made? Was it while you were in the shop?

THOMAS: No, after I left. Me and Pickens, we mizzled Creek's boat.

DOCTOR: So you took the boat, and then...

THOMAS: That's when.

PICKENS: Where are we going?

YOUNGER THOMAS: I don't know.

PICKENS: You don't know?

YOUNGER THOMAS: Away. Across the river, Limehouse, Wapping, anywhere. We'll take Creek's boat, he won't need it.

THOMAS: Oi, stop!

NYSSA: There he is. Doctor.

DOCTOR: Thomas. Come back. You don't realise the danger you're in.

THOMAS: We can follow if you like, nab another boat.

DOCTOR: Right, but Brewster, you should stay here. If you come into physical contact with your earlier self...

THOMAS: No way. This is my life, I'm coming with ya.

DOCTOR: Very well.

(Rowing.)

NYSSA: Doctor, the fog. Something doesn't seem right.

YOUNGER THOMAS: Keep rowing. Keep rowing.

PICKENS: If we hit a boat... We can't see where we're heading.

YOUNGER THOMAS: We have to keep moving.

NYSSA: Doctor, there they are.

DOCTOR: Brewster, pull us alongside.

THOMAS: What are we going to do?

DOCTOR: You, stay in the boat. Whatever happens, stay in the boat.

NYSSA: Doctor?

THOMAS: And there, in Creek's boat, I could see him. Pickens, my old friend, alive again. And opposite him, there was me. Peepers wide open, frozen like in a scream.

PICKENS: Brewster, what is it?

THOMAS: And just as before, there she was, gliding over the water, serene as anything.

MOTHER: ♪ When will that be, say the Bells of Stepney...

THOMAS: The woman all in black.

THOMAS: No! Don't do it, don't listen to her! She's not real!

(Backwards scream.)

THOMAS: Where ... what is this place?

NYSSA: You're in the Doctor 's house on Baker Street. Take a drink of this.

THOMAS: What is it?

NYSSA: Tea, strong and sweet.

THOMAS: Oh, thanks. What happened?

DOCTOR: You called out to your earlier self. You warned him not to listen to the psychic projection masquerading as your dead mother.

THOMAS: Doctor. You're 'ere too.

DOCTOR: How are you feeling?

THOMAS: Fuzzy, but getting clearer. What happened after that? I don't know...

NYSSA: You fell in the river.

THOMAS: I fell in the river? And the other me, what happened to him, and Pickens?

DOCTOR: What do you remember?

THOMAS: I remember us landing on the far shore, off Wapping, and Pickens waking me up.

PICKENS: Are you all right, Brewster? You right need looking after, you do.

THOMAS: What about my mother? I saw her.

DOCTOR: By warning your earlier self, you short circuited the paradox, causing it to collapse. You convinced the projection of its own non-existence, making it aware of its own impossibility, and so it ceased to exist.

THOMAS: I don't get it.

DOCTOR: I'll explain it again.

THOMAS: No. My head hurts enough as it is.

NYSSA: Your past hasn't been changed. Everything that happened to you is still part of history, but the future that you saw can now never happen. You're free.

THOMAS: And will I forget her? My mother?

DOCTOR: You should get some rest.

NYSSA: We'll leave you.

(Door closes.)

THOMAS: You didn't answer my question. I said, will I remember her?

MOTHER [OC]: Thomas?

THOMAS: Mother? You're here.

MOTHER [OC]: You'll always remember me. But remember me as I am now, how I was before I died. Oh, I was happy when you were born. You would scarce believe it, you were my joy. My pride, my love. I wanted to be there for you, stay with you, every minute of every day, but I couldn't. I couldn't do it. I hope you'll forgive me for leaving you. Forgive me.

THOMAS: Mother. You're fading. Don't go.

MOTHER [OC]: And remember this. I loved you, and I will always love you. You're my little baby boy. My darling.

THOMAS: She was gone, and I was alone, never to see her again. And I lay there, thinking. What would become of me? What did the future hold for Thomas Brewster? The Doctor and Miss Nyssa would soon be gone, and for me, it would be back to the blagging, then durance vile and the drop. A life of thieving and running and hiding. Unless I did something about it.

NYSSA: How is he?

DOCTOR: He may suffer a few hallucinations, but he should make a full recovery.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

NYSSA: Wait a moment. Has Brewster still got the key to the Tardis?

DOCTOR: And we left him in there with it. I don't believe it. He's done it again!